

HOLINESS TO THE LORD

THE

# JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
MAGAZINE

Published Semi Monthly  
Designed Expressly for the  
Education & Elevation  
of the Young



GEORGE Q. CANNON,  
EDITOR.  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

## CONTENTS:

|   |                             |         |
|---|-----------------------------|---------|
| STREET SCENES IN PALESTINE.....   | (Illustrated) J. M. Sjodahl | 105     |
| LITTLE WILLIE.....  |                             | 109     |
| THE CHILD CRUSADE.....  | Josephine Spencer           | 112     |
| THE ANIMAL KINGDOM,—III.—First Branch (Protoza) Continued....   | J. E. T.                    | 113     |
| WILLIAM TELL IN HISTORY AND MYTH.....   | J. Spori,                   | 117     |
| TOPICS OF THE TIMES—The Lord's Way—Our Contact with the World—We Must Avoid Sin.....                      | The Editor                  | 119-121 |
| FOR CONSCIENCE SAKE.....  | Lula                        | 122     |
| DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION DEPARTMENT.....   |                             | 126     |
| THE LEPER.....  | S. Valentine                | 127     |
| EDITORIAL THOUGHTS—Persecution of Salvationists.....  |                             | 130     |
| NOTABLE INCIDENTS OF MISSIONARY LIFE—My Samoan Experience....   | Ejay Wood                   | 131     |
| OUR LITTLE FOLKS—   |                             |         |
| YOUNG FOLKS' STORIES: Old Bounce—Our Turkey Gobler—Our Garden in Southern Utah—A Pet Hen—Good Advice..... |                             | 133-134 |
| ST. DAVID'S DAY.....  | J. S. Lewis                 | 135     |
| UNCERTAINTIES.....  | J. C.                       | 136     |

# DECIDED

— BY THE —

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT EXPERIMENT STATIONS,  
THE DESERET AGRICULTURAL AND MANUFACTURING SOCIETY'S DIPLOMA,  
AND BY THE FARMERS OF UTAH AND IDAHO, THAT

## WOOD'S MOWERS, RAKES, BINDERS AND SISAL TWINE

— ARE THE BEST. —

### *Russell Steam and Horse-Power Threshers*

ARE UNEQUALED.

BETTER HARVESTING AND THRESHING MACHINERY IS NOT MADE.

*Will unload between July 1st and 15th, Twenty Carloads in Utah  
and Idaho, and can Fill All Orders.*

## GO-OPERATIVE WAGON & MACHINE CO.

GEO. T. ODELL.      GEN'L MANAGER.

# THE Equitable Life Assurance Society

OF THE UNITED STATES.

JANUARY 1, 1892.

**ASSETS, - - - \$136,198,518.38**

**Liabilities**, Including the Reserve on all existing Policies (4 per cent. Standard) and Special Reserve (toward the establishment of a 3½ per cent. valuation) of \$1,500,000 **109,905,537.82**

**Total Undivided Surplus, \$26,292,980.56**

**Income, - - - \$39,054,943.85**

**New Assurance Written in 1891, 233,118,331.00**

**Outstanding Assurance, 804,894,557.00**

The Free Tontine policy (the Society's latest form) is UNRESTRICTED as to residence, travel and occupation after one year; INCONTESTABLE after two years, and "NON-FORFEITABLE" after three years.

Claims are paid immediately upon the receipt of satisfactory proofs of death.

HENRY B. HYDE, Prest. JAMES W. ALEXANDER, Vice-Prest.

M. RUSH WARNER, MANAGER,  
SALT LAKE CITY.

5-23



What's the Matter Now?

❖ **BROWNING ❖ BRO'S ❖**  
lead them all in the **SPORTING GOODS BUSINESS** Wholesale & Retail

TWO IMMENSE STORES CHUCK FULL OF

Fire Arms, Ammunition, Pocket Cutlery, Fishing Tackle, Base Ball and Lawn Tennis Supplies  
Tents, Hammocks, Bicycles and Sporting Goods of Every Description.

**GENUINE THOMSON WATER PROOF BOOTS AND SHOES.**

Agents for the New Davis Vertical Feed, High Arm Sewing Machine, THE LATEST AND BEST; Yost Type Writing  
Machines, Sporting, Blasting and Giant Powder, Caps, Fuse, Etc., Etc.

**WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF GUN REPAIRING.**

Our prices are Rock Bottom. Send us your orders, we can save you money. Illustrated Catalogue mailed  
Free on Application.

2461 Washington Avenue, Ogden, Utah.

155 Main St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

# Z. C. M. I.

IT is well known that this famous Institution was originally organized for the Importation of General Merchandise; growing continuously, it is now the most reliable place in Utah for the purchaser of Dress and Dry Goods, Notions, Wraps and Garments; Boots, Shoes and Clothing; Carpets and Wall Paper; Groceries, Stationery, Hardware, Tinware, Crockery, Glass, Stoves, Ranges, Tools, Drugs, etc., whether the intent be to buy at **WHOLESALE** or **RETAIL**.

Main Street,  
SALT LAKE CITY.

T. G. WEBBER,  
Superintendent.

15-27

## Rio Grande Western Rwy.

*THE SCENIC LINE OF THE WORLD.*

The Popular and Direct Line from West to East, without change of Cars to Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, Etc.

THROUGH CARS BETWEEN SAN FRANCISCO AND DENVER.

This is the only line from whose car windows all the magnificent scenery of the Rocky Mountains may be viewed.

## TWO THROUGH TRAINS EACH WAY DAILY.

Connecting in Union Depots at Denver and Pueblo for all points East, and at Ogden for all California points and the great North-west. Elegant equipment, Pullman buffet sleepers, first class eating houses, **FAST TIME**. Family sleeping cars for the use of passengers holding second class tickets.

D. C. DODGE,

J. H. BENNETT,

Gen'l Manager, Denver. Gen'l Pass'r Ag't, Salt Lake City.  
24-27

## SIMPLE BIBLE STORIES.

### NUMBER ONE.

The issuance of this excellent book occurred about a year ago and has supplied a long felt want in the Sunday School, Primary Associations and Home Circle. It contains stories of prominent Biblical personages from Adam to Joshua.

PRICE, POSTPAID, - - 30 CENTS.

### NUMBER TWO.

The popularity of the first book of these series induces us to issue a second number. This work contains stories of prominent Biblical personages from Samuel to Queen Esther.

PRICE, POSTPAID, - - 30 CENTS.

### NUMBER THREE.

Contains the narrative of the Savior's life in eleven simple stories.

PRICE, POSTPAID, - - 30 CENTS.

**GEO. Q. CANNON & SONS CO.,**

Publishers of **JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.**  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

## Authorized City Agents

—FOR THE—



## DEPOSIT STAMP SYSTEM

—OF THE—

## UTAH COMMERCIAL AND SAVINGS BANK

22 and 24 E. 1st South Street.

|                                    |   |                                |
|------------------------------------|---|--------------------------------|
| 10th Ward Co-op.,                  | - | cor. 8th East and 4th South    |
| G. F. Brooks,                      | - | cor. 1st South and 6th East    |
| Foulger Brothers,                  | - | 68 K Street                    |
| Eardley & Sperry,                  | - | 63 S. Main                     |
| Mrs. A. Butterworth,               | - | cor. 3rd West and 3rd South    |
| Wm Stoneman,                       | - | 444 W. 4th North               |
| 15th Ward Store,                   | - | 340 W. 1st South               |
| Mrs. C. Hill,                      | - | 373 N. 5th West                |
| H. F. Evans,                       | - | 111 S. 5th West                |
| H. J. Shiuming,                    | - | 537 N. 1st West                |
| Frank Branting,                    | - | 667 S. 4th East                |
| Siddoway Bros.,                    | - | 701 E. 7th South               |
| Mrs. S. Horne,                     | - | cor. State and 11th South      |
| Snarr & Sons,                      | - | 324 W. 6th South               |
| J. & M. Irvine,                    | - | 759 S. 2nd East                |
| R. H. Irvine,                      | - | 459 3rd Street                 |
| John H. Kelson,                    | - | 813 E. 2nd South               |
| Arthur Frewin,                     | - | 776 W. North Temple            |
| A. H. Woodruff,                    | - | Liberty Park                   |
| John F. Coe,                       | - | cor. 2nd South and 3rd East    |
| J. W. Rogers & Co.,                | - | Park Terrace Drug Store        |
| Robinson & King,                   | - | 347 West Temple                |
| J. W. Harris                       | - | 210 C Street                   |
| John Brown,                        | - | cor. North Temple and 2nd West |
| C. P. Held,                        | - | 377 6th Street                 |
| Richard Duerden,                   | - | Bountiful                      |
| Centerville Co-op.,                | - | Centerville                    |
| Pacific Lumber & Building Company, | - | Sugar                          |
| James Neilson,                     | - | Big Cottonwood                 |
| George Saville,                    | - | Mill Creek                     |
| J. E. Robinson,                    | - | Farmington                     |

**5c.** Deposits can be made at the Bank or with any of its agents, and when the amount reaches \$1.00 the depositor will get 5 per cent. interest thereon, compounded 4 times a year.

### GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

DIRECTORS.—F. Armstrong, P. W. Madsen, Thomas W. Elerbeck, Bolivar Roberts, Dr. Jos. S. Richards, Thomas W. Jennings, O. H. Hardy, M. E. Cummings, Samuel McIntyre.  
13-28

# THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS



VOL. XXVIII. SALT LAKE CITY, FEBRUARY 15, 1893.

No. 4.

## STREET SCENES IN PALESTINE.

THE accompanying illustration represents one of the principal business streets in the city of Jaffa. It is, as all the streets in the city proper, tolerably well paved, but is narrow, dark, and winding like a river. In dry weather it is disagreeable, dusty, and, after rain, muddy. On both sides bazaars containing the merchandise of the orient are located. Here and in similar places the 16,000, or more, inhabitants of the city, and numerous strangers, find the necessities and luxuries of life. As we pass along the street we notice, probably, the diminutive stores, some containing gaudy-colored cotton, linen, silk, beads, etc; others we find well stored with oranges, lemons, figs, cocoa nuts, melons, cucumbers; here is a place devoted to different kinds of tobacco; there is another where bread can be bought; a restaurant next attracts our attention and then perhaps a barber's shop; at intervals a money-changer's table can be seen, and at certain corners a public writer displays his pen, ink and paper, ready for a small compensation, to assist the public in composing love letters, business letters or legal documents. Each merchant if not busy will be found patiently waiting for a customer, and while so doing whiling the time away with the cigarette or the water-pipe. A constant stream

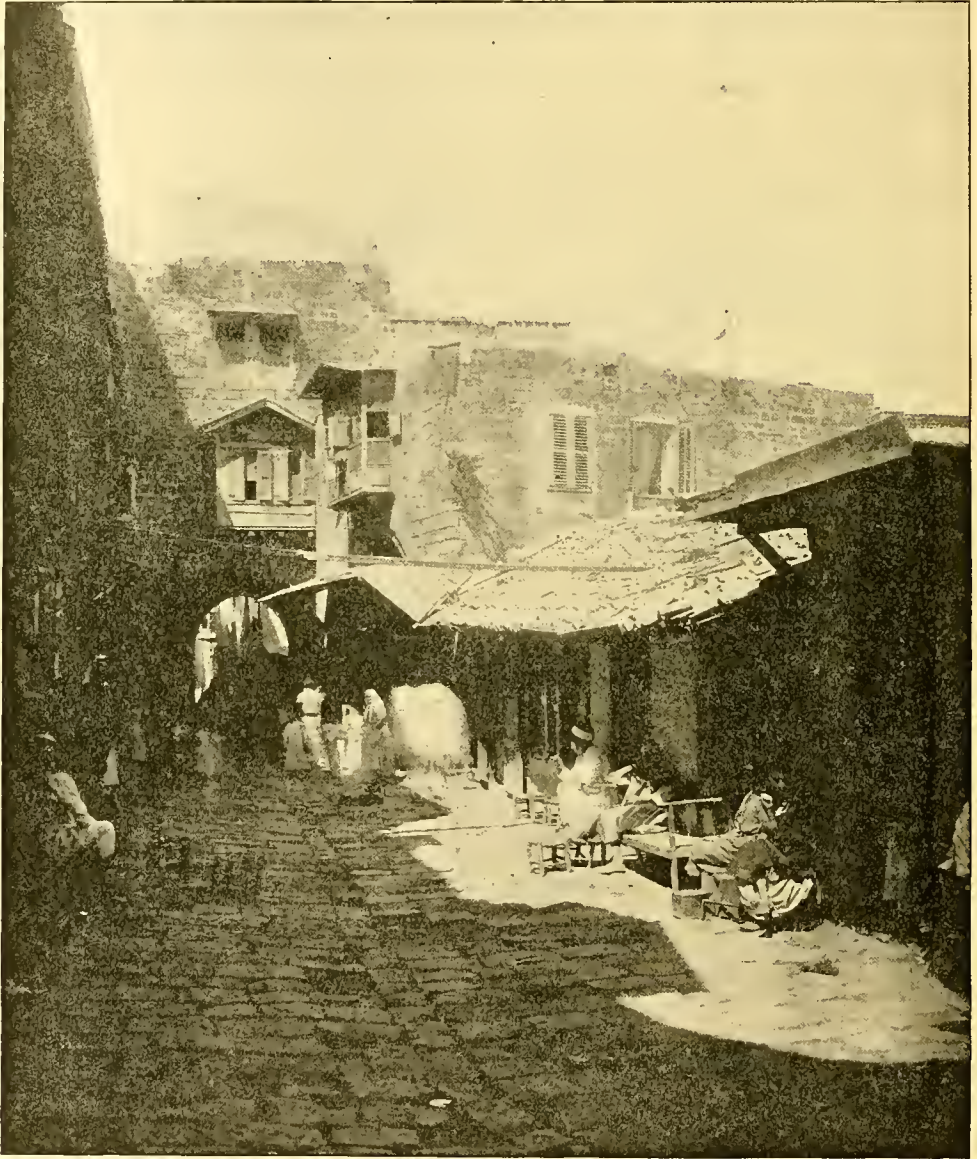
of people is during business hours snrging to and fro in the narrow streets. Wagons are not used for conveying merchandise. No ordinary vehicles could pass each other in these narrow thoroughfares. But instead caravans of camels and donkeys patiently convey the products of the country to the harbor, and the merchandise of foreign ports to the native merchants. A more picturesque scene than these streets at times present can hardly be imagined.

It is well worth paying a visit to one of the bazaars. They are as a rule only small compartments, but well stocked with goods. On a signboard beams in golden letters an inscription, which, however, does not give the name of the owner, but is only a motto: "Oh God! Thou hast the key to the gates of earnings!" or something else equally appropriate. The shop is elevated above the street and the floor covered with a carpet, on which the seller sits, and on which the buyer may take a seat, if he chooses.

The transaction of business is something to test the patience of the western man, who generally is in a hurry. When the question is only of a trifle, the bargain is soon made, but if the intention is to buy something more valuable, much time must be given to the transaction. The prospective customer takes his seat on the carpet. The polite

merchant ascertains somewhat indirectly what is wanted. The next step for the merchant is to send his boy round to the nearest restaurant and fetch some

subjects supposedly of interest to the customer. At last both parties are ready for business. The merchant now is sure to ask more than twice as much



refreshments. Before the boy arrives and the hospitality is partaken of there can be no business. In the meantime the conversation turns upon various

for his goods as they are really worth. Gradually he will come down, perhaps with the pleasant remark, it is only for your sake that I am willing to do this.

Besides the merchants who occupy the bazaars, numerous vendors of merchandise move up and down crying out the merits of their goods in loud, melodious tones. One sings out, "Honey, oranges, honey;" which means that his oranges are exceedingly sweet. Another says his bread is nice enough to be food for birds. Another gives out the warning, "Mind your teeth;" he sells a summer drink, the refreshing qualities of which are announced in this peculiar way.

Prominent figures in the ever changing panorama in an oriental street are the beggars. These are unfortunates of various kinds. Some are blind, an affliction which seems to be more common in the orient than in our country. Others are suffering from the loathsome disease leprosy. Many of these are, as in the days of our Savior, sitting by the roadside receiving alms of benevolent passers-by. Many others beg without really being destitute. Among orientals it is not considered degrading, and it is carried on to an extent that is anything but pleasant to the stranger.

Sometimes the narrow streets are enlivened with solemn processions. This is the case when the remains of well-known persons are taken to their last resting place. On such occasions the body is carried first to the mosque, where prayers are said, and then to the cemetery. The poor open the procession chanting the confession of faith. Then come the relatives and perhaps dervishes with their flag. Boys carry the Koran on a little desk, followed by the corpse, carried head first by intimate friends. The procession closes with ladies, who in various ways show their grief. Their hair is hanging loose; they wear blue as a sign of mourning. Thus the procession slowly moves towards the burial place, where the remains are consigned

to the grave with the face turned toward Mecca.

More gay processions are those which occur in connection with the celebration of marriages. The festivities on such occasions are by the Arabs, opened with a gay procession to the public bath. Musicians head such a procession playing their liveliest tunes, and then come all the married female relatives and friends of the bride, followed by the girl friends. Next comes the happy bride, completely enveloped in a gaily colored cloak, and wearing on her head an ornament resembling a crown. She is seated in an open palanquin and carried by four men. Musicians again form the rear of the procession. With similar ceremonies a bride is conducted from the house of her father to that of her husband.

One of the sights to be seen, if not in the busy street, yet in many public places is a Mohammedan praying. His religion enjoins him to say his prayers five times a day at stated hours. These are immediately after sunset; when dark; at daybreak; at noon and two hours before sunset. A watchman from a tower announces these hours, and the conscientious Moslem observes punctually the ceremony. Hence it is not an uncommon occurrence to find devoted followers of Islam praying even outside the mosques.

The first time I witnessed the spectacle was on leaving Port Said for Jaffa. I had just boarded the steamer and sat down on a chair on deck, viewing the lively scenes before me in the harbor, while waiting for the boat to leave her moorings. While thus pleasantly occupied I noticed a white bearded, patriarchal-looking fellow selecting a somewhat secluded spot, on the shady side of a boat that had been hauled up on the

shore. This spot he at once transformed into a house of prayer. Need I say that I watched him with great interest? He first took his coat off and spread it carefully on the ground. In one corner of it he placed his handkerchief, smoothly spread out. This done, he knelt down on the coat, and producing a comb and a bit of a looking-glass, carefully combed his white beard and hair. He was now prepared to address his God. The prayer consists of a recitation of certain passages of the Koran, the confession of faith and salutations to Mohammed and the angels. During this recitation the worshiper performs a certain number of movements with his body. Sometimes he stands erect and sometimes he prostrates himself touching the ground with his feet, knees, hands and the forehead, which is an expression of the greatest humility. During the whole of this performance, which lasts at least ten minutes, he must be careful not to lift his eyes or hands towards heaven; not to uncover his head; not to put one foot before the other, and not to cross his legs, either of which is considered disrespectful to the Deity. Sights of this kind may be ridiculed by the thoughtless; but who can doubt that the Father of all among honest worshipers of this class finds many with whom He is well pleased, according to the light they have.

To speak of street scenes in Palestine without referring to the numerous humbler occupants of the oriental thoroughfares, the homeless dogs, would be to utterly neglect one prominent part of the subject. In all the larger cities the streets are literally overrun with these quadrupeds. But they seem to have nothing more than the name in common with our intelligent, friendly dogs.

They look forlorn and sad in the extreme. I do not remember ever having seen one of these creatures indulging in the extravagance of wagging its tail as a sign of pleasure. They seem to consider everything living a natural enemy, and often show their pearly teeth as a warning to strangers that they are on their guard. They are homeless and friendless, left to shift for themselves, often cruelly maltreated by human beings in whose hearts there is no sympathy for a dog. Thrown on their own resources they find shelter where best they can, and make a living as scavengers. All sorts of offal is thrown out from the houses into the street, but hardly anything is so valueless that the dogs cannot utilize it as food, except tin cans and straw. Rags and even paper they sometimes devour. Every city seems by these rough citizens to be divided in districts, and each dog keeps well within the boundaries of the district in which he first commenced his sorrowful existence. If by ignorance of the rules or by accident or prompted by a spirit of love for adventures he oversteps the boundaries, he is sure to be attacked by the canine inhabitants of the foreign district and has to flee or give his life in the adventure. Nightly disturbances traceable to such encounters are not infrequent and add to the variety of street scenes in Palestine, as, no doubt, in all oriental countries.

*J. M. Sjodahl.*

PRIDE is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but it is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.

## LITTLE WILLIE.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97.)

## CHAPTER XI.

On Wednesday, February 22nd, 1854, the ship *Windermere* sailed from Liverpool with four hundred and sixty passengers, and Willie was one of that number. As the ship began to move from the dock some sweet voices commenced one of the songs of Zion, blending in soul-inspiring harmony, which thrilled the souls of the passengers, and the many friends standing on the shore gazing at the departing vessel, shouting farewell, good-by, their eyes filling with tears as their loved ones departed toward the dangers of the deep. No doubt they remembered that only the night before seven vessels with all on board went down in the depths of the Channel. As the land grew faint in the distance the sweet singing ceased, and many began to feel sick. Willie waited on some that were more afflicted than himself until the general surroundings became too much for his stomach, and he then repaired to the stern of the ship and for some hours experienced the feelings that only those can appreciate who have also been sea sick. About 8 p.m. the first day out an old gentleman named Squires died. The wind blew fiercely all the night: the sea was rough; the ship was driven out of its course towards the Isle of Man. About 11 p.m. Holly Head, which is a very dangerous point, and the scene of frequent shipwrecks, was passed. On the morning of the 23rd, about half-past eight o'clock, Father Squires, who died the night before, was thrown overboard. The sea was still rough and the wind blowing.

During this day the *Windermere* sailed by the remains of a wrecked vessel.

Masts, sails and other fragments were floating around. Probably a few hours before many despairing souls had clung to these same objects, hoping for relief that never came. All had perished, and no signs of life remained, and the surging waves rolled over the bodies of the lifeless sleepers, while the wind wailed its requiem for the dead. Some were now beginning to get over their sea sickness, while many were still ill, and some confined to their berths. About this time was the first that Willie had seen of flying fishes. They would rise from the water and fly for a short distance and then drop into the water again.

After a while this life on the sea grew very monotonous, for the accommodations of the *Windermere* were very poor for so many passengers, and then it did not sail fast like the great ships that cross the ocean now propelled by steam. The *Windermere* was eight weeks, four nights and five days sailing from Liverpool to New Orleans, while the distance can now be made in about eight days. We were on the Atlantic Ocean about seven weeks without seeing any land.

On the 12th day of March from seven to eight in the morning an exceedingly fierce storm arose. The wind roared like one of our mountain winds. The masts cracked and the sails were lashed to pieces. Soon after the commencement of the storm, Willie saw a little child, about two years old, between decks, and being afraid that it might get hurt, he made a spring towards it to save it from the pending dangers; but just as he moved towards the child the ship gave a great bound upon the great waves of the stormy Atlantic, and heaved upon its broadside, dashing Willie upon the deck, and bruised his

head so severely that other hands had to save the child.

The captain of the *Windermere* expressed fears that the ship could not stand so heavy a sea, and in speaking with Daniel Carns, President of the Saints on board, said: "I am afraid the ship cannot stand this storm. Mr. Carns, if there be a God, as your people say there is, you had better talk to Him, if He will hear you. I have done all that I can for the ship, and I am afraid that with all that can be done, she will go down." Elder Carns went to the Elders who presided over the nine wards in the ship, and requested them to get all the Saints on board to fast, and call a prayer meeting, to be held in each ward at 10 a. m., and pray that we might be delivered from the dangers of the stormy ocean. The waves were lashed into white foam; the storm continued in all its fury, but precisely at ten o'clock the prayer meeting commenced, and such a prayer meeting few have ever seen. The ship rolled from side to side. On one side the Saints were hanging by their hands, and on the other side they were standing on their heads. Then the ship would roll to the other side, which would reverse their positions. About this time the large boxes that were tied with ropes under the berths broke loose, and with pots, pans and kettles rolled with terrible force to and from each side of the vessel. Although the prayers were fervent and earnest, as the pleadings of poor souls brought face to face with danger and death, they ceased their prayers to watch and dodge the untied boxes, and great confusion prevailed for some time. After this interruption of the prayer meeting, Willie and a young man named Charles Smith went upon deck and took their positions at

one end of the steward's cooking galley, taking firmly hold of a rod of iron that reached across the end, to keep themselves from falling, as the ship rolled first on one side and then on the other. The wind roared like a hurricane. Sail after sail was torn to shreds and lost. The waves were very large, and as far as the eye could reach seemed to be one angry mass of rolling white foam. The hatches were fastened down, and only Willie and Smith of the passengers remained on deck, where they had to stay all this long and terrible day. Once Willie lost his hold on the iron rod, and rolled or slid to the edge of the ship, and nearly went overboard, but the ship heaved back in time to save him, and he succeeded in getting back to his former position. This serious storm lasted about eighteen hours, and then abated a little, but it was stormy weather from the 8th of March until the 18th, and on the 18th when observation was taken with the quadrant, it was found that the ship was in the same latitude as it was on the 8th. On the 14th of March, which was two days after this terrible storm, the small pox broke out. One of three sisters was taken down with it. She had a light attack, and recovered, but her two sisters then came down with it and both died; and after that thirty-seven others; forty in all came down with it. Three days after the breaking out of the small pox the ship took fire under the cooking galley. At this time the passengers had not seen land for three weeks or more; when the cry of "Fire! fire! the ship's on fire!" rang through the vessel, and wild excitement and great consternation everywhere prevailed. The sailors plied water freely. All the water buckets on board were brought into use, and soon the fire was under control.

When the last of the three sisters who took the small pox died, it was evening, and Willie thought that he would get a good place from which to see the body thrown overboard: so he got outside the vessel and seated himself on the ledge extending out from the deck, placing each arm around a rope that led to the rigging. His feet were hanging over the ocean, and the ship was sailing about ten knots an hour. By this time darkness was fast setting in, but here he sat waiting to get a good view when the corpse should be thrown into the watery grave, where some said sharks were constantly seen following for prey. Willie went to sleep, and the funeral passed without his knowledge. The sound of feet walking on the deck behind him roused him from his slumber. A chill ran through him; his hair almost stood on end when he sensed his condition. Here he had been asleep, his feet hanging off the side of the vessel, which was rocking to and fro. He wondered how he had escaped falling overboard. It was now totally dark. He climbed into the ship and resolved never to expose himself so again.

About this time the stench and smell of the small-pox were fearful in every part of the vessel. Emma Brooks was the name of the young lady just thrown overboard. Her sister Fanny had died the same day about half-past one o'clock p. m., and was also thrown overboard about two o'clock. The funeral services were very impressive, and Willie could not help thinking a funeral at sea was the most melancholy and solemn scene that he had ever witnessed, especially when the sea was calm. A stillness like that of death prevailed, while an old sailor at intervals would imitate the doleful tolling of the bell of some old

church, such as he had heard in some parts of England. The funerals were becoming frequent, and were almost a daily occurrence. At this time the *Windermere* had been about six weeks out from Liverpool, and the passengers had never seen land from the time that they had entered the Atlantic. The days were now generally mild and the weather very pleasant. Willie had never seen the sun set in such grandeur before, and then the bright, pale moon seemed to be straight above their heads, shining perpendicularly upon the deck, and had it not been for the sickness on board this part of the voyage would have been enjoyable. On the 8th of April Willie and some others arose early in the morning to have a bath. The day was just dawning when a voice called out, "There is land! There is land!" This caused some excitement, and soon there was a rush from steerage and cabin to see land once more. This land was the Isle of St. Domingo. On the 9th they came in sight of the Island of Cuba, which is the chief among the West Indies. On this day, about ten o'clock a.m., a young man named Dee died of small-pox. At the time of his death the wind had ceased blowing; not a zephyr moved to form a ripple upon the waters. The sea appeared bright and clear, and seemed as smooth as a sea of glass. The young man that had just died was sewed up in a white blanket, and at the feet was placed a heavy weight of coal. A plank was then placed with one end resting in the porthole on the side of the ship, and the other near the main hatchway. The body was then placed on this plank. Then the doleful tolling of the bell began. Elder McGhee made a brief address, suitable for the occasion, and offered a short prayer, after which the

body and bedding of the young man were thrown overboard. The ship was standing perfectly still, and the body could be seen sinking in the water, until it appeared to be no larger than a person's hand. Willie thought that it was seen sinking for full fifteen minutes; some other passengers thought it still longer; some said that it was seen fully half an hour.

### THE CHILD CRUSADE.

Long years ago a hermit preached  
 Christ's cause—and through the world,  
 Where e'er its flaming utterance reached,  
 Brave banners were unfurled—  
 And ardent hosts marched forth to win  
 From cruel Moslem hand  
 Christ's Holy Sepulchre, within  
 The worshiped pilgrim's land.  
 Strong men whose ardor burned to prove  
 In lists of blood and strife,  
 The full devotion of their love  
 For the sweet Master's life—  
 O'er icy mount and desert hot,  
 With fervent footsteps thronged—  
 To grasp from alien hands the spot  
 That to their vows belonged.  
 Dark treachery wrought—the infidels  
 In ambush lurking near,  
 Cut through the Christian's swaying swells  
 And homeward without cheer.  
 Dejected, Christ's tried soldiers turned,  
 Abashed in that dark hour  
 To see the zeal that in them burned,  
 The sport of Moslem power.  
 Then saw the world a deed so bold,  
 That until time shall die,  
 Its light shall glisten like the gold  
 That breaks a purple sky.  
 The little children through the land,  
 Thrilled through with martyr zeal—  
 Gathered together in a band  
 For the dear Savior's weal.  
 They marched away—a childish throng—  
 With banners waving fair,  
 With chanted verse or holy song,  
 And lisping fervent prayer.  
 O'er mountain top, and torrid plain,  
 They toiled with bleeding feet,  
 And cheered their spirit's keener pain  
 With prayer and anthem sweet

Dark tress and golden streamed upon  
 The alien mountain wind,  
 And childish faces, pale and wan,  
 Cast longing looks behind.

Where kindred watched, and hearth fires burned,  
 Yet not one faltering thought  
 Nurtured in them a wish to turn  
 Till that high task were wrought

What though that mission naught availed—  
 That by the weary way  
 The childish footsteps ceased and failed  
 Forever—day by day!

One noted whom the sparrows heed,  
 And for each tear and sigh,  
 He made a vow of precious meed  
 For those sweet souls on high.

For noble purpose though it gain  
 No guerdon and no sign  
 In earth's reward—lives not in vain  
 Its thought lives on divine.

Oh! little children through the land—  
 There waits for you always  
 A holier cause than that sweet band  
 Made theirs in that far day.

The world for which the Savior died  
 Lies in the grasp of sin—  
 The infidel hath sworn with pride  
 To dwell for aye therein.

Strong men have marched against the foe  
 And battled hour by hour,  
 With words and deeds, with ball and blow  
 But have not quelled his power

Go forth then, oh! thou innocents—  
 And lend thy purest zeal  
 To drive the hosts of evil hence  
 And make his kingdom real.

Go with pure deeds, and words of prayer—  
 With chants of paradise:  
 Remember ever in thy care  
 The fateful future lies

With faith's white banner waving aye  
 Above thy faithful band  
 March bravely on thy toilsome way  
 Toward the Holy Land.

Thou canst not fail to gain the shore—  
 Its palm trees are in sight—  
 Behind the gates the city's roar  
 Booms faintly through the night.

Thou canst not fail if beats each heart  
 With purpose tense and true,  
 For God hath promised to impart  
 His Kingdom unto you

*Josephine Spencer.*

## THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

## III.

First Branch (*Protozoa*) Continued.

## SINGLE CELLED ANIMALS.

WE last considered one of the simplest forms of single celled animals, the *Amœba*, a so-called root-footed creature (class *Rhizopoda*). There are numerous other examples of this extensive class; space will permit us to consider but a few.

Figure 1 shows the calcareous shells

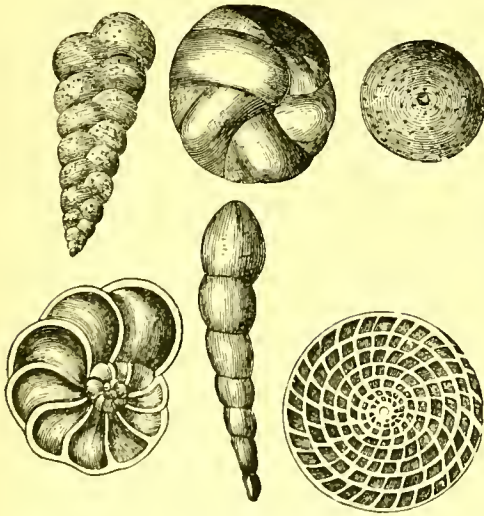


Fig. 1. Shells of marine foraminifera (highly magnified.)

of six different forms of marine protozoa, all highly magnified. Although we can admire the beauty of such creatures, and learn something of the lessons they have to teach without reference to the names by which the specialist has decided to call them, still if we know their names we may be able to study farther concerning them by reference to larger works. In the order of the horizontal lines from left to right these are (1) *Textularia*; (2) *Cassidulina*; (3) *Orbulina*; (4) *Operculina*; (5) *Dentalina*; (6) *Nummulina*.

Animals of this class,—single celled creatures possessing calcareous shells, which in most cases are perforated with numerous holes, are said to belong to the order *Foraminifera* (from foramen, a hole).

These are usually very small, ranging from .005 to .05 inch in length, though there are a very few exceptionally large forms. *Foraminifera* abound in most parts of the ocean; and as they die their shells fall to the bottom, and thus the sea-bed is covered with the remains of these tiny beings. No description can be written at all adequate to the infinite variety of beautiful forms to be found among these shells; they must be seen to be at all appreciated, and fortunately for us, specimens are not difficult to obtain. Sea sand is usually rich in these remains; and the writer has obtained many superb specimens amongst dust shaken out of new unbleached sponges. Much of the limestone of our hills consists largely of the abandoned houses of these humble creatures. In the Deseret Museum may be seen specimens of such stone, composed almost entirely of foraminiferous shells cemented together. M. d'Orbigny found in 46 grains of sand from the Antilles 440,000 shells.

A bit of chalk dust examined under the microscope shows that material to be composed of a multitude of tiny shells. Ehrenberg computed that no less than a million shells existed in every cubic inch of chalk; this would correspond to about ten millions per pound. Many of them are so minute that even the crushing and grinding to which the material is subjected in the manufacture of prepared chalk does not destroy them; and these remains have been found well preserved in the glazing on a visiting card. In many places

the soil is filled with the shells; and Lamarck has declared concerning them, "It is by means of the smallest objects that Nature everywhere produces her most remarkable and astonishing phenomena. Whatever she may seem to lose in point of volume in the production of living bodies, is amply made up by the number of individuals which she multiplies with admirable promptitude to infinity. The remains of such minute animals have added much more to the mass of materials which compose the exterior of the crust of the globe than the bodies of elephants, hippopotami and whales."

They make up the celebrated chalk cliffs of Britain; and many of the finest edifices of the world are constructed from the remains of their homes. The wonderful pyramids of Egypt, and the colossal sphynx, which are among the greatest works of men, are constructed of fossil foraminifera. Tell me, which is the more awe-inspiring, the pyramid in its vastness, or the fossil shell in its minuteness?

The lower right-hand specimen in figure 1 is one of the nummulites, so named from Latin *nummus*, a coin, because of its flattened, disc-like shape resembling a piece of money. In times

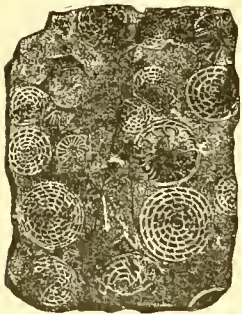


Fig. 2. Nummulitic limestone; consisting of the shells of *Nummulina roualti*.

past, particularly in the Tertiary period of the earth's history, the nummulites have been very numerous, so that their shells have accumulated and formed vast deposits of limestone, in

which, when polished, the outlines of the animals may be clearly

discerned. Figure 2 represents the appearance of a bit of nummulitic limestone. It must not be forgotten that all these figures represent but the empty shells, the deserted homes of these animals: and if such be beautiful, what must the living creatures have been?

In figure 3 we have a sketch of a

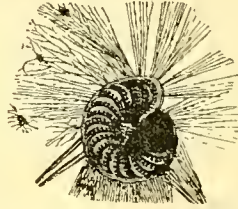


Fig. 3. A living rotalia (*Polystomella strigillata*) with shell extended pseudopodia; (magnified).

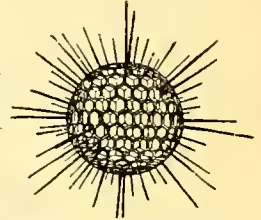


Fig. 4. A radiolarian (*Heliospherra Eschinoids*): flint covered with spicules.

living *Rotalia*, one of the foraminifera, with its numerous delicate pseudopodia extended through the apertures of its shell, as in search of food. This and allied forms are sometimes classed as shelled amœbæ. These are generally very small, but one specimen reported from Borneo is said to be fully two inches in diameter.

There is another order of foraminifera, the members of which possess shells of wondrous beauty, composed of silica instead of calcareous material. Figure 4 illustrates one of these; they are called *Radiolarians* (order *Radiolaria*) or "rayed animals." The shells are generally ornamented most richly with flinty spicules; and there are numerous perforations, through which the pseudopodia are protruded. These animals may frequently be found in great numbers floating on the surface of the ocean.

Leaving now the root-footed protozoans (class *Rhizopoda*), we encounter another class of minute forms, most of which are parasitic in the bodies of other animals. Many of these, see figure 5, resemble in outline minute

worms, though careful examination proves them to belong to the protozoa or single celled animals. They may be found in the intestines of crabs, lobsters, worms, and many insects, living

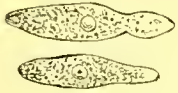


Fig. 5. Gregarina  
(*Nemertes gesseriensis*.)

upon the food material and the body juices of the animals which they infest. These constitute the class *Gregarinida*.

Single celled animals of another class are characterized by possessing a fairly stout elastic covering for the body; from which covering extend a number of hair-like outgrowths, called cilia, or flagella, which aid the animal in capturing its food, and in locomotion. From the fact that animals of this kind are particularly abundant in water containing decaying matter, these creatures have been called *Infusoria*, or such as live in infusions. The popular name *monads* is also applied to them. In structure they are extremely simple; and there has been great dispute among authorities as to whether some of them are really animals or plants.

The *Euglena* illustrated in figure 6 is

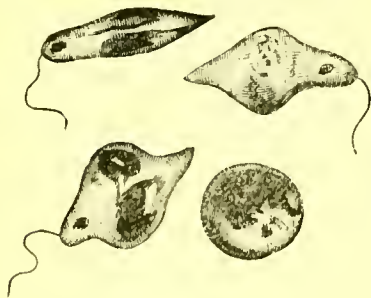


Fig. 6. A flagellate Infusorian. (*Euglena viridis*  
(magnified 350 diameters.)

an infusorian, usually green or red in color, and of variable form. In moving these animals can enlarge their bodies near the middle, becoming spindle shaped, or they can elongate themselves so as to resemble worms, and also become globular.

The species shown in figure 6 may often be found forming a green pellicle on standing water. Each euglena has a single whip-like flagellum issuing from the front end of the body.

The *Notiluca* (figure 7) is a marine



Fig. 7. A phosphorescent infusorian: (*Notiluca*  
*miliaris*)

infusorian; it is regarded as a giant among its kind, being fully the size of a small pin head. From an indentation on one side of the body near the mouth opening, issues the flagellum. The animal possesses also an œsophagus, a stomach, and intestines; it is therefore of complicated structure in comparison with the other forms already studied. The notiluca, like other infusorians, may multiply by fission; though at certain times it may increase by another method known as the production of zoospores. In the latter process the animal retracts its flagellum, and rolls itself into a ball; in such a state it is said to be encysted, within the cyst, segmentation of the body goes on; until at last the enveloping membrane is broken and a number of young are set free. The notiluca is particularly interesting from its power of producing light. There are many other phosphorescent or light-giving animals known to naturalists; but this is the first example we have thus far met. During summer evenings these tiny creatures rise to the surface of the sea in great numbers; indeed it has been calculated that in a cubic inch of water taken from the Mediterranean there were not less than 25,000 of these light-giving mites.

The ciliated infusorians (order *Ciliata*) are to us the most familiar of the class.

They may be found in abundance in organic infusions; a drop of stagnant water will often furnish thousands. Figure 8 shows the microscopical appearance of a drop of water so tenanted. Small as it may seem, that drop is to them a world, with all the elements necessary for their growth and increase.



Fig. 8. Ciliated infusorians in water.

Let us examine one of these creatures in greater detail. The *Paramecium*, figure 9, will probably be among the first found; it is certainly one of the most plentiful. This creature may be seen under the magic glass rapidly darting through the water, or reposing upon aquatic plants or the bodies of larger animals. The body is somewhat elongated, rising upon the back into a hump shape. A mouth opening, an œsophagus, and a digestive cavity which may be called a stomach are recognizable. As the creature is beautifully transparent it is admirably adapted for detailed study. The body is covered with cilia, which are arranged in rows. Incurrent and excurrent streams may be detected if a little fine powder such as carmine or indigo be introduced into the water.

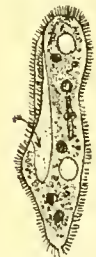


Fig. 9. *Paramecium aurelia*; magnified.

The *Stentor*, another inhabitant of our

Utah streams, though rarer than the paramecium, is pictured in figure 10. The general appearance of the stentor is best described in the popular name of the animal "trumpet animalcule." This is a comparatively large form, specimens sometimes attaining a length of 1-25 of an inch. The mouth is situated near the notch to be seen in the upper edge of the body. The stentors frequently live in colonies. They are capable of contracting their bodies into cylindrical and globular forms.



Fig. 10. Trumpet animalcule. (*Stentor polymorphus*.)

As a fitting close to our review of the infusoria let us consider the *Bell Animalcule*, which compares well in beauty of form and in powers of activity with any heretofore mentioned; it is abundant in most of our ditches. Colonies of these animals, as illustrated in figure 11, may frequently be found



Fig. 11. Colony of Bell animalcules (*Vorticella Nebulifera*) attached to leaf. B specimen with coiled stalk; C and D free swimming forms.  
d—Disc.  
c—Cilia.  
o—Oesophagus.  
v—Contractile vacuole.

attached to floating leaves and twigs, and to submerged objects in sluggish streams. The tiny plant, duck-weed, or lemma, furnishes an attractive home for them, and multitudes may often be found suspended from the underside of the leaves. The vorticellæ, or bell animal-

cules, are generally stalked, the stalk being coiled (B) as the animal retracts itself. Free swimming forms (C and D) are occasionally met with; after a time they settle down and form fixed colonies. The animal is complicated or highly organized in structure when compared with the amœba and other such simple protozoa. The main parts of the body may be seen in the figure. The cilia (c) surrounding the disc (d) are kept in constant and rapid motion as long as the animal is expanded and in search of food; but at the least alarm it suddenly retracts itself, and at times draws so close to the object to which it is attached as to scarcely be visible at all. When the danger seems to be past, it gradually protrudes itself and soon is as active as ever. The vorticella may multiply by fission or by budding. Figure 11 is from the writer's sketch of a colony of vorticellæ found by him on a fragment of decaying leaf in one of the ditches of Salt Lake City.

*J. E. T.*

#### WILLIAM TELL IN HISTORY AND MYTH.

IN the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR of October 15th, '92 (page 631), is a beautiful and strikingly correct picture of Tell's Chapel at the Lake of the Four Cantons in Switzerland. The Editor deserves praise for bringing such a true and excellent representation of the landscape, and the unknown writer is to be thanked for his fine description of the scenery and the events. He is also right in his allusion that William Tell may be a myth.

Twenty years ago, as a teacher in Switzerland, I had to handle this story in the schoolroom. About thirty years ago we heard that some learned professor, on account of historical researches, had great doubts in regard to

Tell being really a historical person. The people would not tolerate any such insinuation. Our beloved professor, Johann Koenig, teacher of history in the seminary, went over the Tell story as a thing known to everybody, and so evaded critical deductions, trusting in the future to settle the question. If we teachers had plainly told what our doubts were, the reactionary party would have branded us as infidels, disloyal citizens and dangerous sceptics.

Almost every mother having taught the Tell story to her boys, we did not lose much time in drilling these events into memory, but could, cautiously, point out a few facts; for instance:

"When were the Landvogts (Ballifs) driven away?"

"On New Year's day, 1308."

"When was the alliance in the Rutli?"

"Some time in November."

"Proof."

"Stauffacher said: 'He that is owner of cattle must winter quietly his stock and try secretly to get friends for the alliance.'"

"Did Tell shoot the apple before or after the meeting in the Rutli?"

"After."

"Good! But are there any apples left on the trees in the middle of November in those mountains?"

Astonished and perplexed faces. Answer: "No; they would be frozen, and then the schoolboys would have them down long before November."

"Will a man, armed with an unfailing bow, venture to risk his son's life?"

"No, he would shoot the tyrant, or frighten him away."

"Can one man alone save a whole land when all the others stand carelessly by? Does it not need a common consent, a united effort? Must not the spirit of freedom that comes down from

yonder everlasting mountains kindle every heart to deeds like Morgarten, Laupen, Sempach and Murten?" (The four great decisive battles, 1315, 1339, 1386 and 1476.) "Could we in our days, could you, boys, in your days, keep our dearly bought and precious freedom if we were to lose the spirit of union, of liberty? What would our fathers think, looking down from their spirit homes, if we were making ourselves unworthy by foul deeds and low aspirations, of the inherited freedom they conquered for us with so much blood? Now, boys, if you will listen and not go home and talk foolishly I will give you a little information about those times, when freedom was born in those wild valleys, was nursed by storm and danger, and baptized in streams of precious blood."

"In the almost inaccessible mountain retreats of Rhaetia (Graubunden) lived the followers of Rhaetius, driven from Italy by hordes of terrible invaders. In the north and center of the land sat the silent Alleman (German) upon his farm, the house of which he built from ruins of cities and villages dated from the Roman time (57 B. C. until 375 A. C.). In western Switzerland, on those beautiful lakes, another Teutonic tribe had taken possession, the Burgundians, who were finally overthrown in the year 534. But in the valleys of the inner cantons, around the historical lake, was still another people. The old herders in those mountains tell their sons that there was a great nation away back in the land to the midnight (Sweden). This people suffered heavily by famine. They resolved that the tenth man must leave the country and find a new home. They went, a long train, fighting their way with the sword through the German country, and never resting until

they reached the highland of these timbered mountains. They looked at the land, the beautiful lakes, the dark forests, the green valleys, the cascades, the silvery streams leaping down from towering snow-clad mountains, and it seemed as if they had found themselves again in their beloved fatherland. They made up their minds to remain here. The forests were removed, farms and pastures appeared, villages, little cities appeared, their herds climbed the mountain slopes, their sons and daughters spread over into other valleys, and, as Schiller says, 'As their mountains year for year the same herbs are yielding, their fountains flow the self-same way, yea even winds and clouds the same direction invariably pursue, so came the old customs, songs and tales from grandfather down to children's children.' (Those that have tasted the imperishable beauties of the original text in "Schiller's Tell" will kindly excuse this lame translation.)

"The dialect (German) in those valleys in central Switzerland resembles closely the Danish and Swedish languages. In those mountains even today the Westfriesen sings about the immigrants from the North, and the old, old story that is told about Watte Wyle. He is the hero from the North, the expert shot, the immovable warrior for his people's rights, and is resurrected under a new name, William Tell (Tell meaning the dauntless, the bold, the brave, the one that never thinks for himself). Even a little village, as old as the chronicles give an account, is called Wattenwyl. Now, my boys, I cannot tell you whether our Tell is simply another name for the Northern hero, or whether there really lived such a man as William Tell at the cradle of our nation; but one thing is sure, the

spirit of Watte Wyle and William Tell goes through the pinetops of our white-bearded mountains; this spirit fought the terrible battle by Favenz (Italy), fought with the German emperors against the pope in Rome; this spirit told the priests in 1243 to leave the country if they would not officiate (the pope having declared that no bell should be rung, no child baptized, no dead buried decently, and no sick one being administered to); this spirit at the death of Rudolf of Hapsburg, 1291, formed the first alliance to be 'a united people of brethren, never to be separated in danger or threat; to be free as the fathers were, and sooner suffer death than live in slavery, and to put unshaken trust in the highest God, and never to be afraid of the power of man.' It is the spirit that almost extinguished the power of the nobility (1376 by Sem-pach), that shattered (1476) the then mightiest power in Europe, and it is the spirit that waded through blood, fire and ice-cold rivers (winter 1499) in the last and final struggle for liberty against Germany; it is the spirit of social and religious reforms that illuminated and inspired the immortal Zwinglius and his co-laborers; and as the story goes that Tell ended his patriotic life by saving a child from the maddened river, so is this beautiful trait of Tell's spirit again illustrated in the lives of Father Pestalozzi and Pater Girard, Thomas Scherr, and other great men in the immense field of education. Yes, boys, here is the spirit of old William Tell in its highest glory, losing his own life, comfort and everything in saving the precious boy, the hope of future generations, from the torrent of infidelity, the cliffs of unbridled passions, and the cold, surging waves of selfishness, uncertainty and moral

infirmity to the safe bank of clearly defined, religious, logical and philosophical thought, from which safe bank he, the young boy, will climb the mountain side, build himself a happy, a firmly established home, and keep his eyes fixed upon the mountain top, whether it is enveloped in rolling clouds, bathed in the unspeakable glory of the morning and evening sun, or pointing silently up into the starry ocean of boundless space and endless universe. That is the spirit of Father Tell!"

I was dismissed from school in 1877; my only offense was that I joined the Mormon Church.

*J. Spori.*

#### TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

##### The Lord's Way.

THE Lord has His own way in managing the affairs of His Church, and sometimes that way happens to be in conflict with the views and anticipations of its members. When the Latter-day Saints were compelled to leave the States and take their journey into these far western wilds it was expected, and by many, perhaps, hoped and desired that they would be, to a great extent and for a long time, separated from the rest of the world. The treatment they had received was so heartless and cruel because of their religion being so unpopular, they had no wish to be again brought in contact with the elements they had fled from. Having been driven from their homes and their possessions several times, they hoped in coming to the mountains to escape such a fate in the future. The most of those early settlers were content to endure every kind of hardship and privation if they could only enjoy peace and the freedom

of religious worship. Their sad and painful experience had caused them to believe it was only possible to live in that blessed condition by being far removed from their former persecutors. Hence, they viewed with pleasure the prospect of being secluded and hidden from observation and from contact with the world. From their standpoint obscurity and isolation insured a degree of safety which they thought it not possible to obtain if they were surrounded by jealous, covetous or hostile neighbors. It was very natural that they should think so.

This feeling was not confined to the Latter-day Saints; for reflecting men not of our faith saw the danger which the Saints would be in when populations opposed to their religion should become numerous around them.

Some years ago a prominent government official, whom I had known in Washington, came to Utah on business for the government. In conversation with him he expressed himself very feelingly concerning the situation of the Latter-day Saints. He knew something of their past history and of the treatment they had received from mobs. Stretching out his arm, and pointing down the valley, a sweeping and commanding view of which could be had from the point where we were standing, he remarked: "When I look at this beautiful valley and the grandeur of the surrounding mountains, your comfortable homes, your fine farms and fields, orchards and gardens, all wrested from the wilderness at such an immense cost of means and toil, I sincerely wish that you were somewhere else and away from our jurisdiction; for I see nothing but trouble ahead of you. Your country will be coveted, and there will not be pretexts wanting to justify taking it from you."

The idea in his mind was plain.

We had a country which our industry, energy and perseverance, under the blessing of the Lord, had converted from a desert into a place of beauty, and he foresaw that in the opinion of many thereafter it would be considered too good for us, and measures would, perhaps, be taken to repeat the past and drive us from it. His feelings upon this point appeared to be precisely similar to those of our brethren who first settled here.

In reply to him I asked "Where could we have gone or where can we now go, to any spot on this earth more secluded or less likely to become attractive than these valleys of the Rocky Mountains were when the Latter-day Saints first came to them? Go now where we might upon this continent—and our religious faith binds us to this continent—and the same results which you now witness," I said, "in this valley would soon be witnessed wherever we would settle. If it were possible to select a spot more unfavorable for settlement than this country was in 1847, the application of the qualities which the Latter-day Saints possess would, in time, convert it into a beautiful and an attractive place."

He admitted the correctness of my statement, but still appeared to be apprehensive and mournful concerning our future.

While the Latter-day Saints remain in the world, and are true to their religion, they must attract attention, and people for various reasons—in the past it has been principally for money making—will be drawn to them. We must not forget the prophecies. They clearly indicate that peoples will come to Zion for peace, security and good government. However improbable it

may seem at present, in view of the manner Salt Lake and Ogden cities are now governed, the words of the Lord will, nevertheless, be fulfilled. More unlikely things than this have happened, and they will happen again. It is very evident the Lord sees that His people need schooling, and He is permitting them to get it. The method may not be pleasant to them, or it may not be the one they would have selected had the choice been left to them. But we must acknowledge that He knows what is best.

#### **Our Contact with the World.**

As a people the Latter-day Saints are now thrown in full contact with the world. Its evil influences are surging around them. They thrust themselves upon them in every direction. Men are permitted to occupy stations of responsibility and offices of authority in city and county governments who are, in some instances at least, unworthy of public trust. Their aims are not to make the places where they have power clean, pure and free from vicious and evil surroundings. Vice is not only winked at; it is countenanced, and in some cases encouraged. Under such influences there is danger of society becoming debauched.

Among Latter-day Saints some ask: What does this mean? Have our hopes and anticipations been vain? If not, why is such a condition of affairs permitted to prevail?

To such questions the answer can be given:

The Lord has not forgotten His promises; but He has His own way of bringing about their fulfillment. In that which has taken place He has His purposes to accomplish, and the future will prove that He has controlled all events wisely and well.

There are certain ends to be reached by means of these agencies now at work among the Saints. What are they?

Each one should try to learn what these are and profit by the lesson.

It is certainly not the design of Providence to break down and sweep away every distinguishing virtue from among the Saints.

It is not the design to have us deprived of those qualities which will be the means of drawing people to our country for peace, security and honest and fair government.

The training of the Latter-day Saints for the past sixty-two years is not now to be thrown away.

It is too valuable; it has cost too much.

It has cost immense labor, continuous and unflagging effort, the wearing out of consecrated lives, and even the shedding of precious blood.

#### **We Must Avoid Sin.**

Is there any Latter-day Saint who cannot perceive and acknowledge that it is not the design of Providence that the Saints should become a prey to vice and the wicked practices which evil-disposed persons would like to introduce here?

Is there one who cannot understand that the Lord has had a purpose in view in gathering His people to this land from the various nations of the earth?

He has not brought His people here, neither has He permitted the present condition of affairs to be brought about, to have them forget or throw aside all the teachings and training He has been giving them from the organization of His Church up to the present time. They themselves are not to fall back

and become the victims of sin. Their children are not to be contaminated and corrupted by evils which have begun to flourish here. That is not the design of Providence in permitting these things to be. But though it may not be given to us to perceive all that is designed, we can, at least, see that the Saints now have the opportunity to be tested. Those who yield to evil influences, who succumb to vice, will be unworthy of the high destiny awaiting the Saints of God. They will be unfit to continue to associate with them; the Lord will cast them aside.

But those who resist impurity and sin, who pass by every temptation to do wrong as though it did not exist, what of them?

They will undoubtedly be prepared, by passing unscathed through this ordeal, for the days to come. The time is not far distant when the troubles and disasters of the future will cause men to turn their eyes in search of an honest, upright and virtuous people—a people who will have a high regard for the rights of their fellow-men, of every creed and nationality, and who will do all in their power to maintain and preserve free, impartial and honest government.

Already the Latter-day Saints are credited with possessing a high sense of honor in all their financial affairs. Business men who have dealt with them readily admit that there are no customers who are more punctual and reliable in meeting their obligations than the Latter-day Saints. In fact, speaking of them as a community, they stand ahead of any other in this respect. This character for honesty has been the growth of years. It is most valuable.

This credit is not confined to the affairs of private life; it extends to

public office. It is now upwards of forty-two years since Utah was organized as a Territory. During that period there have been numerous sessions of the legislature; but who has ever heard of any bill being passed or any legislative action being taken through bribery or any corrupt influence?

This character for honesty in private and business life, and in the administration of the public affairs connected with government must grow. The Latter-day Saints must also show that when they have power they will not abuse it, but that they will be fair, and will deal justly and impartially with all men, oppress none, and extend favor improperly to none.

The duty before them now is, to live in such a manner as to be above and beyond the reach of all the evil and corrupting influences which are around them, so that it will be seen by all that they possess qualities which entitle them to respect and confidence and which will not yield to temptation. In this way they will be in a position to fulfill the predictions concerning their future.

*The Editor.*

---

#### FOR CONSCIENCE SAKE.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 80.)

"WHAT'S the matter?" "Did he give you bad money?" "Weren't the paper's for him after all?" "Pooh! I wouldn't bother so much about a thing that didn't concern me!" clamored the boys. But Josh kept on walking briskly toward's Mr. M.'s again.

"He made a mistake when he gave me the money," said Josh.

"What kind of a mistake was it he made?" asked one of the boys.

"See here, what he gave me," answered

Josh, "a five dollar gold piece instead of a nickel."

"Well, I'd keep it if I were you."

"He gave it to you fair enough, so why isn't it yours?" "I'd not take it back to him." "I'd keep it and get nice things for my father with it," again clamored the boys.

"But it wouldn't be honest to do that," said Josh, "and father never would touch a thing that I might get for him in such a way."

"You wouldn't need to let him know about it," said one.

"Do you think I'd do anything I wouldn't tell father about?" asked Josh indignantly. "What would my mother think, when she sent me to do a kindness, if I'd do a dishonest thing on top of it? I wouldn't keep this piece of money for a thousand dollars, because it would make me dishonest, and mother says she'd rather I'd be poor and honest all my life, than get means in any but honest ways. And she says, too, that if we get things by being dishonest, they will never do us any good, for they will make us feel uneasy and disagreeable instead of comfortable and happy; and I know it's true," and Josh bounded away up the broad steps again and rang the bell as before.

The same young girl who had opened the door when he called a few moments earlier again answered his ring. She looked surprised, but smiled at him.

"Can I see Mr. M., please?" Josh asked.

"He is at dinner," answered the girl, "but maybe he won't mind being disturbed; Mrs. M. is so very pleased with the parcel you brought; it is from her sister, of whom she had heard nothing for a long time, and contains photographs of herself and children."

"That's good," said Josh, feeling a

little as though it might not have been so very wrong after all for him to have kept the five dollars, if the package he brought them was so precious.

The young woman asked him to sit down in the hall, and said she would tell Mr. M. he was there.

She went away, and presently Mr. M. came to him, wiping his moustache and fingers with his handkerchief, munching something in his mouth, and looking as if he had left his dinner very reluctantly.

As the doors between the dining room and the hall had been opened combined savors of many pleasant edibles had floated to Joshie's nostrils, and he felt rather to sympathize with Mr. M. for having been called away from his dinner than to blame him for being annoyed at it.

"Well?" was all the gentleman said as he approached Josh.

"See what a mistake you made," said Josh, holding his hand towards the man, with both the five dollar and the ten cent pieces in it.

"Heh! I should think I did make a mistake," said Mr. M. taking the gold piece from the boy's hand. "But what made you come back with it?" he asked suddenly, after a little pause.

Josh replied simply, "My conscience, sir."

The man looked at him strangely.

"You might have kept it all right enough," he said, "I should likely never have known the difference."

"But I should," answered Josh quickly. "You not knowing it wouldn't have made it honest in me to have kept it."

Mr. M. still looked puzzled.

"Didn't I give it to you fair enough?" he asked. "How could it have been dishonest in you to have kept it?"

"It would have been dishonest, because I should have been keeping what you gave me by mistake and not what you intended for me," answered Josh promptly, while his face shone with an inward light, which is only visible on the countenance when an act of heroism is being performed from a sense of duty and a love for truth.

"You are a fine, noble boy, anyhow," said Mr. M. "What is your name?"

"Joshua W.," replied the boy.

"Where do you live?"

"At No.——on——Street."

"Live with your parents?"

"With my mother."

"And where is your father?"

"He's in prison, sir; but not for any bad action of his; my father never did a *mean thing in his life*," cried Josh vehemently. "It is for CONSCIENCE SAKE that he is in prison."

If Mr. M. had looked astonished before, at what had appeared to him a remarkable manifestation of integrity in so young a boy, he seemed completely dumbfounded at this unexpected and eloquent defense of his father's character, when the boy had felt called upon to acknowledge that his father was imprisoned as a thief or murderer might have been.

The man scratched his head, and looked as though he could think of nothing to say. But he did say, at last, holding the golden coin towards Josh.

"I wish you would take this to your mother; tell her I send it with very great esteem."

Josh hesitated; it was not to himself now the gift was offered, but to his patient, benevolent, hard-working mother. He would not have taken it for himself, but had he any right to refuse it for her? While questioning himself in this wise, the man spoke

again: "You said you were not very willing to bring that package to us, but your mother persuaded you to, I believe," he said.

"Yes, sir, that is a fact," Josh acknowledged, rubbing his hands together, "and if anyone deserves to be paid for it it's her and not me."

Mr. M. looked pleased at this speech and said, "Tell her, then, the package was for Mrs. M., and she is delighted with it, and we think her sending it over so promptly is well worth this five dollar piece."

"But you don't though, do you?" asked Josh, smiling incredulously as he slowly held out his hand to take the coin.

"Well, yes," returned Mr. M., dropping the money into the boy's hand. "What I've heard from you this afternoon may be worth more than that to me some time."

Josh mentally hoped it might, and would have liked to ask how, but he felt he was keeping the man from his dinner, and that it would be more kind in him to go and not continue the conversation longer. So he simply said, "Thank you very much, and I know mother will thank you, too."

Hurrying into the street again, he found some of the boys still waiting for him, but others had been wise enough to go home to their suppers, and to their evening chores and lessons.

"Did he give you the five dollars?" asked one boy.

"No," answered Josh.

"I didn't think he would; he's a regular old stingy," continued the boy.

"I wouldn't have taken it if he'd offered it to me," said Josh.

"Oh! I would!" said another boy.

"I wouldn't; but see here," answered Josh, laughing at the joke he was play-

ing his comrades, and at the same time holding up the money that they might see he had it.

They had walked briskly, and were at his mother's gate before he showed the coin, for he did not wish to be teased to spend it, or any portion of it, for Josh was so generous it was not easy for him to say no when asked by his playmates to spend money which belonged to himself.

"Oh! you fibbed to us!" cried the boys, as Josh entered the gate.

"No I didn't," laughed Josh; "Mr. M. didn't give it to me; but he sent it to mother, and now don't call him stingy any more, for you see he is not;" and with that Josh ran into the house, to find his mother still ironing and looking rather sober.

"It didn't take you all this time to go to Mr. M.'s and back, did it?" she began in a fretful tone.

"No, mother, not quite," leaning on the table and looking up at his mother good-naturedly.

"I wish you cared a little more about doing your duty and not quite so much about play," said Mrs. W., ironing away fiercely, and not deigning to look into her son's bright face.

"I thought I was doing my duty, mother, when I was going where you sent me, and doing what you told me to do," said Josh meekly. It was easy for him to keep cool now and answer his mother respectfully, even if she did scold him without cause, for he knew she would be so happy when she heard how really good and honest he had proven himself. His soft answer turned away his mother's wrath at once. She remembered how she had sometimes found fault with him, without waiting to learn what reason he had for seeming negligence, and how she had

always regretted having done so afterwards. She put her iron on the stove now, and her arms around her boy's neck, and kissing him tenderly she said, "I know you are a good son, my darling, and you have not been very long away. But the coal skuttle is empty, and I was afraid I should have to leave off ironing and go out for coal; and I am so tired and want so much to finish before dark."

Josh returned the kiss and embrace, and ran for coal without a word, and then explained hurriedly all about Mr. M.'s mistake, and what came of it, and laid the bright little coin on the white, ironing sheet before his mother's weary but happy eyes.

At the close of Sunday school one Sabbath day a few months later, Joshie's sister Myrtle said to him, "Is your mother going to the Tabernacle this afternoon, Josh? Ask her to wait for me, if she is, I want to walk down with her; mother is not going today."

"I think my mother's going; what's the matter with Aunt Alice?" returned Josh.

"There's nothing the matter with mother," said Myrtle, "but she's going to tend Sister B.'s children, and let her go to meeting."

An hour later Myrtle called, and her brother Josh and his mother and several other members of the family were ready to walk to meeting with her.

"How tall Josh looks in his Sunday clothes, Auntie; I am growing quite proud of my big brother; he will soon be large enough to wait on us to all the parties," said Myrtle, taking Joshie's arm and strutting a little. Myrtle was seventeen, and quite an authority in both divisions of the household. "Now, you youngsters go on ahead," she said to the smaller children, "and Josh and

Auntie and myself will bring up the rear." They all obeyed orders, and Myrtle walked on, arm in arm with both Josh and his mother.

"I've heard something that is so funny and good, too; I want to tell you about it," Myrtle said; and this is what she told them:

"Polly, that works for Mrs. M., is in my class in Sunday school, and this morning she said to me that she never saw nor heard of such a changed man as Mr. M. is ever since Josh took that letter to him some time ago. He used to be always going on about our people, telling what lawless ignoramuses they all were. But now he talks of their sincerity, their honesty, their industry, their patience, skill and wonderful trustworthiness. He has even got the History of Joseph Smith, and reads it aloud to Mrs. M., who listens pleasantly. He declares that he has sat on the jury for the last time to help sentence and imprison a man who will bravely accept such punishment for CONSCIENCE SAKE."

*Lula.*

**DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION  
DEPARTMENT.**

ROOMS 334 CONSTITUTION BUILDING,  
SALT LAKE CITY.

THE rapid growth of the Sunday school work, together with the increased interest therein of late, has worked to bring about the consummation of a very desirable and long needed improvement in the manner of conducting classes and the educating of qualified teachers. This interest has developed to such an extent that the Deseret Sunday School Union Board felt the need of some means of training the young men and women for the position of educating the young of Israel; and on November 14th, 1892, under the

direction of the Union Board the organization of a Normal Sunday School Training Class was effected at the Brigham Young Academy, at Provo, with Professor Benjamin Cluff, Jr., and his Academy associates as instructors. To this Normal class each Stake has the privilege of sending students, free of charge of tuition, who can, if they wish, enjoy all the privileges the Academy affords. Special instructions in the following branches are given:

- 1. A course in elementary psychology as applied to education.
- 2. A course in the theory of education.
- 3. A course in the methods of Sunday school training, the use of the Sunday School Guide, charts, leaflets, cards, etc.
- 4. And a course in music.

The Normal training course lasts five weeks, each course being complete in itself.

The second course commenced on February 13th, 1893; to which the following Stakes, with the number from each, have been requested to send students:

SUNDAY SCHOOL NORMAL COURSE.

February 13th.

|         |    |        |    |
|---------|----|--------|----|
| Sanpete | 20 | Sevier | 15 |
| Millard | 15 | Cache  | 20 |
| Morgan  | 10 | Emery  | 15 |
| Tooele  | 5  | Juab   | 2  |

On March 20th, the third course will commence, and the number of students from each Stake will be as follows:

March 20th.

|         |    |         |    |
|---------|----|---------|----|
| Weber   | 25 | Tooele  | 10 |
| Summit  | 10 | Wasatch | 10 |
| Sanpete | 20 | Millard | 10 |
| Morgan  | 10 | Beaver  | 5  |

April 24th.

|        |    |         |    |
|--------|----|---------|----|
| Sevier | 20 | Emery   | 10 |
| Weber  | 20 | Tooele  | 5  |
| Summit | 10 | Wasatch | 5  |
| Cache  | 25 |         |    |

The above lists are subject to such modifications as may arise from the inability of certain stakes to supply the number of students here allotted them. Due notice of the above allotment has been given to each stake supt. interested, and any stake that cannot supply the number above mentioned should at once notify Elder John M. Whitaker, 334 Constitution Building.

On Sunday, February 5th, 1893, Elders George Goddard, First Assistant General Superintendent; George Reynolds, Thomas C. Griggs, J. W. Summerhays and Levi W. Richards, members of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board, and John M. Whitaker, General Secretary, visited the Normal Training Class and witnessed the various exercises. We were gratified with the excellent spirit and showing, and are deeply impressed with the advantages there given. We desire to most earnestly impress the importance of Stake and Ward Superintendents responding to the calls made for students to attend these courses when requested to do so, as the result will more than justify the outlay, and the benefits to the school are almost incalculable. We cannot urge too strongly the importance of sending the very best material that can be obtained in the Sunday schools to take this course.

For a more complete understanding of the course see the New Year's edition of the *Deseret News Weekly*.

There have been issued of late 3,000 more Sunday School Guides, and any schools desiring more copies can obtain them by addressing the General Secretary, No. 334 Constitution Building, or JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR Office, Salt Lake City, Utah. These are for the benefit of the schools, and can be had free of charge by writing as above.

We regret to say the Stake reports are coming in very slowly, and all should be forwarded without further delay. Care should be taken to see that every school in the Stake is properly reported on the Stake reports, as we desire a complete report this year for 1892.

#### THE LEPER.

MANY years ago, when the gospel had not long been preached in Denmark, the Saints were accustomed to hold their meetings in an old building in a part of the city of Copenhagen, where the working classes crowded together in old tenement houses, the yards and courts of which were so small that when standing in them one could barely see a small strip of the sky above the high old buildings. One particularly old building in this street was quite an object of curiosity for a long time, as it was where the Saints held their meetings. One Friday night in October they had met, as was their custom, to worship God, to gain strength for the constant battle with the world and their own weaknesses, and to bask a few hours in the brotherly love and goodwill that so abundantly exists among the Saints abroad.

The night was rainy and disagreeable, but there was quite a large congregation and from the happy, animated faces it was plain that whatever of care, hard work and persecution each one suffered through the days that lay between these meetings, it was all forgotten now. There was but one face—a poor, thin-worn one—that did not wear the contented expression of the happy band of Saints. It belonged to a poorly-dressed lady, who sat by the door, and there she had sat every Friday night

for ten years with the same hopeless expression on her haggard face. Very few of the Saints knew her. Many of them had tried to make friendly advances, but her manifest dislike at being addressed had discouraged them all. She was not a member of the Church, which was the only thing positively known about her.

When the meeting was dismissed, and the Saints still lingered, loth to part from each other, the lady by the door hurriedly, as usual, vanished from the hall and hastened along the dimly-lighted streets toward Rabarberland, where the poorest of the poor dragged out their dreary existence in the densely packed houses: poor excuses for human dwellings.

The rain beat hard in her face while she, stooping forward, battled against the furious wind. As she thus walked she could not help thinking how much her situation tonight resembled her life, past and present. Had she not always thus had to stoop while struggling with life's adversities, while the coldness of an uncharitable world had numbed her heart as the October chill did her body tonight?

When she finally reached the almost tottering building where she lived and had ascended the creaking stairs, she stopped on the fifth floor outside the low door, and drew in her breath listening anxiously. Then as if relieved she opened the door noiselessly.

After striking a match she went softly over to a cot where the thin form of a youth lay sleeping quietly. She laid one hand softly and tenderly on the poor, slim one of the boy. Then she hung up her wet shawl to dry, and looking around the cold, bare room, sighed and sank wearily down on the cot by the boy's side. The flickering

tallow candle shed its gloomy light over the pale, emaciated face of the boy, and she watched, it anxiously a moment, bending low to hear him breathe. She looked relieved as she again rose to a sitting posture, and resting her troubled head in one hand she whispered almost inaudibly: "Perhaps it were best so; but I can't, oh, I can't bear the thought." She looked at him again. How white; how thin! Yet the features were handsome, the rich, black locks that fell over the forehead were glossy, and seemed to enhance the marble-like color of the face. The bluish lids hid a pair of dark, patient eyes, and the expression of pain that he generally wore when awake had given place to that of peace.

How different all would have been had he been strong and well like other boys! How he would have helped her bear the burden of supporting them! Now she had to work hard for both—for all three. It was hard, oh so hard, to earn enough to keep them and especially him. There were so many things he ought to have, but could not get. He was a great burden in one way, "yet, oh Lord, let me keep the burden," she whispered. "Don't take him from me—but of course the poor lad would be better off in God's keeping than in mine; how selfish, selfish I am even in my love for him!"

How dark, how utterly dreary was life. And it had begun so brightly. How well she remembered the first year of her married life; her loving husband, so industrious and full of hope for a bright and happy future. She smiled bitterly. Where was now the hope that had filled their hearts? Gone. Crushed under the load of cares for the daily bread; fled to give place to the phantom of despair, so often the sole occupant

of her heart. But then they were young and strong. He was a carpenter by trade, a very good one; and she took in washing and earned quite a snug sum every week. It was hard work, but they did not mind it. They worked to a certain end: meant to lay money by till they could buy a small place in the country, where they could live peacefully, far away from the noisy city. Then came the boy, the precious charge, and her happiness was complete. And then, oh then, came the gold fever of '48, which raged all over Europe at that time. Copenhagen was not spared. Everybody was filled with the California craze, and her husband caught the fever. He raved like a maniac, both sleeping and awake. He felt that he must go at once, and he went. With him went the little capital they had saved, and which was growing all the time, albeit slowly. She struggled alone one year with her young babe; then her husband came back; not like Jason with the golden fleece, as he expected, but poor, penniless and broken down in soul and body. Fortune had been against him; he had been severely hurt in the side from a fall, and had returned to die at home, as he hoped. But death does not come to those who seek him, and Carl Stromberg lived, though a physical wreck, unable to do much work of any kind.

But she had worked. She was young and strong; and her boy grew and was the light of her heart.

He was four years old when that dreadful illness seized him; then her courage forsook her; but still she trusted in God and hoped all would be well.

Now he had lain there for twelve long years, and hope had long since departed from the poor, weary soul. There was one ray of light which cheered and

warmed her unhappy life, but which never was allowed to kindle a bright and holy flame within her. That was when, by stealth, she met with the Saints on Friday night. She loved to hear the glad tidings; the words of the Elders fell like dewdrops on her heart's parched soil; but she had grown distrustful even of God, and thought He had no good in store for her. If Mormonism was true, which she doubted not, it was for better and happier people than she. What good could it bring her? It would only add to her troubles, yet like an invisible power it drew her to the meeting every Friday night. Her husband was very bitter against the Mormons, and would have left her no peace had he known where she spent her Friday evenings; therefore she had contrived a scheme to deceive him, and in her case, I think, deception was excusable. She did washing by the day in wealthy families, and had every day but Saturday employed in that fashion. On Fridays she told him she had to work later than any other day, but received no more pay for it. Of course he believed her to be at the washtub till half-past nine, when, in fact, she spent the last hour and a half with the Saints.

He often threatened to go and "blow up" those niggardly people who would keep his wife so long at the hard work for so little pay, but it always ended with the intention.

He had of late years sought consolation in the whisky bottle, and when he was not half-tipsy he was sullen and ill-tempered, a source of terror to his wife and son.

The boy stirred and opened his eyes. "Good evening, mother," he said, eagerly catching her hand. "It was your long day today, wasn't it?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

... THE ...


# Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, FEBRUARY 15, 1893.

## EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

### Persecution of Salvationists.

OME days ago a branch of the Salvation Army in the city of Chicago, having gathered for its evening service, was, without provocation or warning, raided by the police; the aged, gray-haired captain of the branch was arrested and hurried off to prison; and the remainder of the band, being thus deemed outside the law's protection, were assaulted by a gang of hoodlums, who stoned and assaulted them en masse and cruelly beat and maltreated individual members of the corps. It is true that the presiding officer was shortly released from his confinement, and the policeman who arrested him was rebuked for his excess of zeal; but there remains the fact that of the brutal crowd who assailed the unoffending worshipers, and who grievously injured some of them, not one was arrested, nor was any attempt made either to check their bloodthirsty assault or discover the real perpetrators of actual injury. All this, let it be remembered, occurred in this latest year of nineteenth century enlightenment, in this choice land of America which is dedicated to human rights—among them freedom of worship—even in the year in which the four hundredth anniversary of America's discovery is to be celebrated, and in the very city in which that celebration is to be observed, and at which all nations are invited to be present.

That the methods of the Salvation Army do not meet with the approval of many religionists, or of believers in no religion at all, is quite true. That in the dissemination of its ideas and the promulgation of its doctrines the Army gives offense to the refined senses of many who hold religion as too sacred to be passed around the streets, may be equally true. But that the Chicago policeman is competent to pass upon any man's notion of religious worship does not seem so clear; and that he is an authority as to the legality of open-air services and as to the rights of American citizens on the streets of American towns seems to be thoroughly disproved.

As a matter of fact there is much that is worthy of admiration in the methods and operations of the Salvation Army. They may be in the minority in assuming that in the military form and in the mimicry of war there is aught that lends strength or symmetry to the gospel of peace. By many their tastes may be considered vulgar, since they seek converts in the byways and the slums; yet the Savior of mankind did not withhold the message of salvation from the humblest and most despised sinner. They may lay less stress upon the life eternal than upon improvement in the mortal plan, and thus by narrow constructionists be accused of casting the gospel's priceless pearls before swine; yet the earthly life is but a preparation for the eternal—an indispensable and, in its consequences, all-important part of it. And much of the good they do must be accepted without cavil at its true value. They are a consecrated band of workers for the betterment of the poorest of human circumstances. They are never happier than when relieving the wants of the needy; and the aid and comfort

they unostentatiously furnish the wretched in localities where such an element exists would be a credit to the most liberal charity organizations of the land. No religionist, no friend of human kind, can feel to ignore such claims as these upon public consideration and esteem. Their exponents are certainly entitled to toleration and decent treatment at least.

We cannot believe that any reader of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR has ever been one of a party to ridicule or disturb the services of these people. The Latter-day Saints themselves know too well the value of religious liberty to deny it to others. Our mission upon earth is not to tear down and ravage, but to improve and build up. Our duty is to point out men's errors, not to treat them with scorn and contumely, unless they are willing to be measured by our standard. As to the value of a human soul, whether high or low according to worldly notions, we think there can be no question. We hope no one will deny to the Salvation Army the credit it deserves for the good it does and tries to do; and we are sure no believer in the true gospel will so far depart from the teachings of the Master as to offend and treat despitefully even the most unpopular of those who in sincerity are seeking the improvement of mankind.

#### NOTABLE INCIDENTS OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

##### My Samoan Experience.

*Editor Juvenile Instructor:*

STILL speaking of the discovery of Samoa, we can't afford to overlook the origin of the names of Navigator and Samoa, which were given at different times and many years previous to the landing on the islands of white mission-

aries in 1830. For many years this group or its waters were famous as the home of the best oil producing whale in the Pacific. When the whalers would find anchorage near land, the crew noticed the agility and expertness the natives displayed in managing their boats from the *paopai* (small canoe) to their large boat called *taumualua* (both ends a bow), meaning that both ends are alike, made thus to ride the waves easier and also to be easy to handle in going over the breakers either entering or going out of the dangerous harbors on all those coral-reef-encircled islands. By the turning in their seats of those paddling, they can go either way in an instant, and thus avoid the wave as it is about to break, which is the most dangerous time of the dreaded breaker. It will be seen that no more fitting name could have been given the islands of these seemingly natural boatmen.

On further acquaintance, however, with these extremely nimble native seamen, the whale hunters learned that these natives were not of the groups they were on, but that they were from the Friendly Islands, some 300 or 400 miles to the south, and were only visiting Samoa.

Traditional history, that of telling from father to son, tells us that after much fighting the Friendly islanders conquered the Samoans, and held full sway on Samoa for innumerable moons, much to the discontent, however, of the Samoans, who at last decided that it was no worse to die in war than in slavery; so a final war ensued, and never ended till the Samoans succeeded in driving the Tongans (Friendly Islanders) before club and spear from Aleipata (the east end of the island Upolu to Mulifanna—its western extremity), a distance of 45 miles by water and more

than as far again by land. Herein lies the secret or sequel to the still unabating trouble or war, as newspapers are wont to call it.

The foundation upon which the Samoan difficulties have grown, or I might say have been built, is the undeniable fact that part, and say the smaller part, too, of the natives, aided by foreigners, have and do sustain a king upon whom does not rest the real power to be king, and who has not inherited through the proper channel the authority to rule the Samoans. So long as Malietoa is kept in the position he is so little qualified for just so long will the majority of the Samoans be at spear points with his followers. Malietoa's genealogy originated the day the Samoans were freed from the bondage of the Friendly Islanders while that of the present opposing side with the prefix of Tui to their names such as Tui-Manua Tui-Mataafa, etc. began in the commencement of Samoan tradition.

It is strange to note the peculiar meaning and sometimes the more peculiar way that Samoan names originate. As I before stated Malietoa's name is not of royal fame; we will prove it. As the war between the Samoans and Tongans ended, and the Samoan warriors stood upon the beach from which the Tongan's last boat load had just escaped there came running along a sister of two of the bravest young warriors who stood on the sandy beach as the gray streaks of dawn heralded a brighter day than Samoa had seen for many seasons. Her boundless joy at her brothers' generalship could only be expressed in the words "Malie! Malietoa!" "Malie" means brave, well done: "toa" means brave fighter. She then said "Malietau! Malietau!" The affix tau means soldier, hence her second exclamation would

mean good soldier. The two brothers, filled with pride at their success, were jealous of each other as to whom the reins of the leadership should pass. They each thought of the appropriateness of their sister's exclamation, and there arose at once a controversy as to which of the two should hereafter lead in war, but not in the kingship. One took the name of Malietoa and the other Malietau, and to decide their superiority they there and then engaged in what tradition says was the hardest fought hand to hand battle with saw-teeth war clubs that was ever fought on Samoan soil.

Malietoa succeeded in killing his brave brother, and forever after he and his family go by the name of Malietoa.

This Malietoa at once presided on the island Upolu, and made war on the other islands, hence virtually stealing the kingship from the islands Olosega, Ofu and Tau, called by the name of Manua, where Tui-Manua lived, and to which at the present time all genealogists go back. Now Apia, the foreigners' capital of Samoa, is on Upolu, hence Malietoa is upheld by the three treaty powers, England, Germany and America; but final peace will never be restored—save by force—until the rightful heir is made king.

History has it that the name Samoa was given by the unanimous voice of the captain and crew of an exploring vessel that anchored in Apia harbor many years ago. They all declared that that was the only word the natives of those islands used. The vessel called in for water and fruit, and having a chicken on board, hung it up to show the natives that flocked around in canoes that they wanted chickens, but the natives, shaking their heads, would only answer, "Sa moa," "sa moa." Sa means forbidden or tabooed, and moa is

chicken; so that Samoa meant "We cannot give you chickens, they are forbidden to be killed." Previous to feasts chickens, pigs, fish and fruits are forbidden by the chiefs to be eaten for a certain number of days.

Native history says that the name Samoa originated like this: Sa also means tribe or people; for illustration, Sa Eperu (Hebrew) means the Hebrews; the word Eperu without the sa before it would not be native. Moa was and now is the name of a very high chief on Manua, and all of his posterity, speaking of themselves, they called each other Sa Moa (strictly native would be, O lo Sa Moa), the tribe of Moa. This family increased and spread to all the islands, until the name became so popular that all the natives were members (though distant) of this family, and called themselves and the entire group Sa Moa. In our next we will peep into the traditional origin of the native.

*Ejay Wood.*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE Lewiston (Me.) *Journal* credits a sixteen-year old girl with the following:

"Why do the young men of Edgecomb do so much loafing? Go to work! Push ahead! I am but a young girl; I have clothed myself and got money in the bank and only sixteen years old. I lay up more money every year of my life than any boy or young man within a radius of three miles of my home. When they get a dollar they go to a dance and go home a dollar out. My father is able to support me, but I choose to support myself. I advise all girls to cut clear of those loafing boys. Give them a wide berth and never marry a man unless he is able to support you. And never put your arm through the handle of a rum jug."

## Our Little Folks.

### YOUNG FOLKS' STORIES.

#### Old Bounce.

I WILL tell you a story of our dog, who came to us as if lost, and lived with us the rest of his life.

He was a good dog. He was afraid of guns. If he heard anyone shoot he would run into the house and stay there till mother drove him out. He was always good to mother, and would take her part if he thought anyone was hurting her.

One day Bounce found a young lamb that had been lost from the herd, and carried it to the house in his mouth. He laid it down gently, as if to say, "See what I have found." My father carried it over to my uncle, as it belonged to his herd. Several years after as we were going to the canyon he saw a porcupine, and before we could stop him he had it in his mouth and was shaking it to death. His mouth and throat were so full of quills that he suffered very much, and we had to kill him. We dug a grave close by our corral and buried him.

*Chauncy Loveland, age 8 years.*

HONEYVILLE, BOX ELDER CO., UTAH.

#### Our Turkey Gobbler.

LAST summer we had a turkey hen setting on eggs. She had been setting on them almost four weeks when one warm day she hatched sixteen little turkeys. We kept them in a small coop until they were large enough to follow their mother around; then we turned the old hen and her turkeys loose.

For a few days the old gobbler would strut and stamp among them until he

killed one or two; but soon he began coaxing them away from their mother one by one, till he got every turkey from her. She would sit by him every night, but could not get the turkeys to brood under her. In the morning they would go off together through the lucern until night, then they would go to roost on the grass under the trees. They did this until they were large enough to get on the fence; then the gobbler would stretch his wings full length along the fence. When they grew still larger and stronger they roosted in the trees.

Mamma thought so much of this turkey gobbler, for he was so kind to the little turkeys, that she kept him for another year.

*Elmo Cluff. Age 12.*

PROVO, UTAH.

#### **Our Garden In Southern Utah.**

I HAVE read so many nice stories in the JUVENILE, written by the young people, that I thought I would try to write something also.

Our garden is situated in St. George, about six miles north of the boundary line of Arizona. The climate is very warm there; sometimes the thermometer registers 115 degrees in the shade.

We have a great many kinds of fruit, among which are apples, pears, peaches, apricots, plums, cherries, nectarines, figs, pomegranates, grapes, currants, mulberries and gooseberries, besides several kinds of almonds.

Our garden covers about three and a half acres of ground, and in some parts it is almost like a forest, the trees are so thick and large. During the warm days it is so pleasant to take a book and lie down in the cool shade and read, or listen to the birds sing, for there are many birds in the garden.

One summer a mocking-bird made its

home there, and it would begin to sing about two o'clock in the morning, and it could be heard almost all over the neighborhood, for it chose the highest trees to sit in when it sang.

Some years ago my father had a very nice green-house, and had orange, lemon and banana trees growing in it. They grew to be quite large, but a very cold winter killed them. Usually the winters are very pleasant. One year we had roses bloom in the garden on New Year's day. *Rufus Johnson,*

*Age 10 years.*

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

#### **A Pet Hen.**

IN reading the JUVENILE I see that little girls have written pieces to the paper, so I thought I would try and write something, as I have a desire to learn to write. We live at Buck Horn Springs, Iron County, and we raise lots of chickens, geese and ducks. I remember one little chick that got hurt in some way. I cared for it, and soon it recovered and grew to be quite a fine hen, and was a real pet. It used to come in the house and lay eggs. I remember my sister, who lives at Parowan, once came to our place on a visit. Her little girl was sitting in a rocking chair. The pet hen came in and hopped upon the child's lap and laid an egg. She then jumped down and walked out as pleased as could be.

*Ethel R. Eyre. Age 9 years.*

#### **GOOD ADVICE.**

WHEN the weather is wet,  
We must not fret;  
When the weather is dry,  
We must not cry;  
When the weather is cold,  
We must not scold;  
When the weather is warm,  
We must not storm;  
But be thankful together,  
Whatever the weather.

GOOD ST. DAVID'S DAY.

1st verse Quartet. 2nd verse Solo, etc.

MUSIC BY J. S. LEWIS.

Though far we've roamed from charm - ing Wales In - to the west - ern land, Yet  
 Dear to our hearts this free - dom true, Col - um - bia's lib - er - ty; Pro -  
 To stars and stripes and Un - cle Sam, Our hom - age true we pay; To

good Saint Da - vid's Day u - nites Us in a chor - al band: From  
 tect - ed from op - pres - sion's wrong, True pat - ri - ots are we. Though  
 cher - ish then our moth - er tongue, Begrudge us not one day; That

love for Gwalia's hills we don, On this our ga - la day, Green  
 welcome here both young and old To paths of high - est fame, Still  
 was our Ancient fes - ti - val, Was - sail to harp and lay! And

blades of leek, And then we strike Our harp and sing our lay, Green  
 Dew - i's day there's nought we love, As dear old Cym - ru's name, Still  
 don Green blades of leek may all On good St. Dav - id day, And

blades of leek, And then we strike Our harp and sing our lay.  
 Dew - i's day there's nought we love As dear old Cym - ru's name.  
 don green blades of leek may all On good St. Dav - id's day.

## ST. DAVID'S DAY.

The 1st of March was formerly observed among the Welch as a great national festal day, in honor of St. David their patron Saint. On this occasion it was and is still customary to wear a leak as a badge.

The real origin of this custom, is involved in considerable obscurity. The following song, however, embodies the most commonly received tradition on the subject. The hero referred to is supposed to have been the celebrated Cadwallon, who in the year, 693, assumed the title of the King of the Britons. And for a period of thirty years successfully waged war against the Saxons in the 'north countries.'

When King Cadwallon, famed of old,  
Mid tumults and alarms,  
With dauntless heart and courage bold,  
Led on the British arms.  
He bade his men ne'er fret and grieve,  
Nor doubt the coming fray,  
For well he knew it was the eve  
Of great St. David's Day.

The Saxons in their wild distress,  
Of this their hour of need,  
Disguised them in the British dress,  
The hero to mislead.  
But soon the Welshman's eager ken  
Perceived the craven play,  
And gave a leak to all his men  
Upon St. David's Day.

"Behold" the gallant monarch cried,  
"A troppy, bright and green,  
And let it for our battle guide,  
In every helm be seen;  
That when we meet as meet we must,  
The Saxon's proud array,  
We all may know in whom to trust,  
On good St. David's Day."

Anon arose the battle shout,  
The crash of spear and bow,  
But, aye, the green leak pointed out,  
The Welshman from his foe.  
The Saxons made a stout defense,  
But fled at length away;  
And conquest crowned the British prince  
On great St. David's day.

We'll cherish still that field of fame,  
What e'er may be our lot  
Which, long as Wallia hath a name,  
Shall never be forgot.  
And braver badge we ne'er will seek,  
Whatever others may,  
But still be proud to wear the leak  
On good St. David's Day.

## UNCERTAINTIES.

THE world is full of sighings for the living  
And moanings for the dead;  
The things of promise, hope delights in giving  
Hang on a slender thread.

The babe that wins its mother's fond affection  
Is rudely snatched away  
The father kind, his happy flocks protection,  
May perish with the day.

The youthful maiden, at the bridal altar,  
Whose hope runs bright and clear  
With broken heart, may see her idol falter  
Within a month or year.

The miser, on his couch of rags reclining,  
To all, save mammon, blind,  
Sinks in the grave, his stint of wealth repining  
And calls the world unkind.

There is no lease of worldly things to bless us,  
The earth is not our home;  
Life's calm's but brew the tempests that distress us  
And fill our homes with gloom.

Nature is hasting to its consummation  
By heaven's will decreed,  
And joins with man, to plead for that salvation  
It so much stands in need

There is no use our vanity to flatter  
And build upon the sand,  
A house so reared the winds and waves will scatter  
And sweep from off the land.

Husband to wife may change, and prove a traitor;  
The wife may do the same;  
The child that promised best becomes a hater  
Of ev'ry noble aim.

But there is One above who never fails us  
When we on Him depend,  
Come weal or woe, no matter what assails us  
He is our constant friend.

Then, seeing that life's fickle hour of pleasure  
Is waning fast away  
How well it were in heav'n to lay our treasure  
Where moth can not decay.

J. C.

# Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder.

A Pure Cream of Tartar Powder.  
Superior to every other known.  
Used in Millions of Homes—

40 Years the Standard.

Delicious Cake and Pastry, Light Flaky  
Biscuit, Griddle Cakes, Palatable  
and Wholesome.

No other baking powder does such work.

Contains no Ammonia, no Alum or any  
other adulterant.

24-28



## UNION PACIFIC SYSTEM.

The Through Car Line

—TO—

All Points North, South, East and West.

The Only Line Operating

• DINING • CARS •

≡ AND ≡

Through PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPERS

TO

Chicago and St. Louis Without Change.

CITY TICKET OFFICE 201 MAIN ST.

D. E. BURLEY,

*Gen'l Agent Passenger Dep't.*

S. H. H. CLARK, E. DICKINSON, E. L. LOMAX,

Prest. & Gen. Mgr. Asst. Gen. Mgr. G. P. & T. A

# YOUNG BROS. CO.

PIANOS

## YOUNG BROS. CO.,

—DEALERS IN—

**DOMESTIC** } *Sewing*  
**WHEELER & WILSON NEW NO. 9** } *Machines.*

Manufacturing Sewing Machines a Specialty.

## CHASE BROS. PIANOS.

Packard Organs,

Clough & Warren Organs,

GUITARS, • ACCORDEONS, • MANDOLINS • BANJOS, • VIOLINS

—AND—

*MUSICAL MERCHANDISE.*

YOUNG BROS. CO., Constitution Building, SALT LAKE CITY  
38 Main Street,

3-28

ORGANS

# DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINES

---

# DOMESTIC SCIENCE

---

A new edition of this valuable home production has just been issued. **Price, 80 Cts. each, Postpaid.** This work has been adopted as a text book in the district schools of Utah Territory, as well as in the Church Schools of the Latter-day Saints. It is a valuable work of reference, and should be in every home library.

21-28

---

## NOW READY.

---


# Outlines of Ecclesiastical History



BY

ELDER B. H. ROBERTS.

---

 This book is just the one needed for general reading, and is specially adapted for use in Seventies' Quorums, as well as other organizations of the Priesthood and Sunday School Theological Classes. It is divided into four parts, and contains 468 pages.

Part I: Establishment of the Church.

Part II: The Apostasy.

Part III: The Reformation.

Part IV: The Restoration of the Gospel.

BOUND IN FULL CLOTH.

PRICE, \$1.75 POSTPAID.

---

## DR. JAMES E. TALMAGE'S PUBLICATIONS

WHICH HAVE BEEN ADOPTED FOR PUBLIC SCHOOL USE, AND ARE EXCELLENT FOR HOME READING AND INSTRUCTION, CAN NOW BE HAD IN ANY QUANTITY.

First Book of Nature, - 50 Cts. Postpaid.

Domestic Science, - 80 " "

SEND ORDERS TO

**GEORGE Q. CANNON & SONS COMPANY,**

P. O. BOX 460. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

ESTABLISHED 1855. INCORPORATED 1885.

**DIRECTORY.**

W. H. SHEARMAN, CAPITALIST, PRESIDENT.  
FRANK KNOX, BANKER, VICE-PRESIDENT AND TREAS.  
A. H. CANNON, PUBLISHER, DIRECTOR.

GEORGE T. BRICE,  
MANAGER AND PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST.

GEORGE A. KNOX,  
SECRETARY AND PHARMACEUTICAL DRUGGIST.

# GODBE PITTS DRUG CO.,

IMPORTERS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

## CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS,

— < DEALERS IN > —

Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Proprietary Articles, Pharmaceutical Preparations, Druggists' Sundries, Fancy Goods, Toilet Articles, Sponges and Chamols, Fine Imported and Domestic Cigars, Choice Wines and Liquors for Family and Medical Use.

ASSAY GOODS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

The best and cheapest place in the city to get your Prescriptions and Family Recipes Filled. Competent Pharmacists in attendance night and day. Prompt and careful attention to Mail Orders.

The Oldest and Most Reliable Drug House in the Territory.

SALT LAKE CITY, . . . UTAH.

## HOME Fire Insurance Co. OF UTAH.

Paid up Capital, - - \$200,000.00.  
Assets, - - - - \$310,000.00

**DIRECTORS.**

|                    |                   |                   |
|--------------------|-------------------|-------------------|
| Henry Dinwoodey,   | P. T. Farnsworth, | John C. Cutler    |
| George Romney,     | William H. Rowe,  | David Eccles,     |
| Thomas G. Webber,  | John Henry Smith, | Geo. W. Thatcher  |
| Frank W. Jennings, |                   | Charles S. Burton |

**OFFICERS.**

HEBER J. GRANT, Pres't. GEO. ROMNEY, Vice-Pres't  
LEWIS S. HILLS, Treasurer. ELIAS A. SMITH, Secretary  
W. J. BATEMAN, Ass't Secretary.

H. J. GRANT & Co., AGENTS  
J. F. GRANT, MG'R. if

## Denver & Rio Grande R. R.

SCENIC LINE OF THE WORLD.

TWO FAST TRAINS DAILY

Through Pullman and Tourist Sleepers to Denver, Pueblo and Colorado Springs. Close connections made there for ALL POINTS EAST with the Fast Flyers of the Burlington, Rock Island, and Missouri Pacific.

The Equipment is Elegant, New and Comfortable, surpassing that of all others. Call on or address

A. S. HUGHES, W. J. SHOTWELL, S. K. HOOPER,  
Traffic Manager, Gen. Agt, 5th W. 2d South. G.P. & T. A.,  
Denver, Colo Salt Lake City. Denver, Colo.

## The State Bank OF UTAH,

CAPITAL, FULLY PAID \$500 000.  
SURPLUS FUND, - \$50,000.

Cor. Main and South Temple Streets,  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

HEBER J. GRANT, President,  
WM. B. PRESTON, Vice-President,  
HEBER M. WELLS, Cashier.

**DIRECTORS:**

|                   |                      |
|-------------------|----------------------|
| Joseph F. Smith,  | Chas. S. Burton,     |
| Wm. H. Rowe,      | Nephi W. Clayton,    |
| Abraham H. Cannon | Frank Y. Taylor,     |
| Spencer Clawson   | Philo T. Farnsworth, |
| Elias Morris,     | E. M. Weiler,        |
| Henry A. Woolley, |                      |

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.  
Careful Attention to Country Trade.

10-28

**GUIDE** TO THE FIRST YEAR'S COURSE OF STUDY IN THE YOUNG LADIES' MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION. Prepared by the General Board of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association, and issued as sanctioned by the First Presidency of the Church. Price 10 cts. GEORGE Q. CANNON & SONS CO.

# THE HENRY DINWOODEY FURNITURE COMPANY, SALT LAKE CITY. BABY CARRIAGES, REFRIGERATORS, FURNITURE, CARPETS, WALL PAPER.

4-28

Wilford Woodruff, Prs't. George M. Cannon, Cashier.

## Zion's Savings Bank AND TRUST COMPANY,

No. 1, 3 & 5 East Temple St, Salt Lake City.  
Takes deposits in any sum; pays 5 per cent. interest; compounds quarterly.

*Oldest Savings Bank in Utah, with deposits greater than all others combined.*  
15 28

## WM. DRIVER & SON,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils and Varnishes.

We Guarantee the trade perfect satisfaction.  
Your Orders Solicited.

WM. DRIVER & SON, OGDEN, UTAH  
24-26

## BUTTERMILK

### Toilet Soap



Makes the face and hands as soft as velvet; whitens the skin, has no equal for the

### COMPLEXION.

Excels any 25 cent soap.  
Beware of Imitations.

Over 2,000,000 cakes sold first year.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT.

SEND 12c. for SAMPLE CAKE.

COSMO BUTTERMILK SOAP CO.,

84 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

## B. H. SCHETTLER

DOES A

General Banking Business,  
PAYS INTEREST ON DEPOSITS

—AND—

DESIRES YOUR ACCOUNTS.

DEEDS AND MORTGAGES DRAWN UP.

60 S. East Temple St. SALT LAKE CITY.

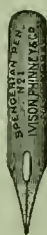
## F. Auerbach & Bro.,

Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Millinery,  
Carpets, Shoes, Etc.

Established 1864. — One Price to All.

— F. AUERBACH & BRO. —

11-8



*Have you tried  
THE Spencerian  
Steel Pens?*



FOR SALE BY

GEORGE Q. CANNON & SONS CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

26 R. K. THOMAS, 28 R. K. THOMAS, 30 R. K. THOMAS, 32

EAST FIRST SOUTH STREET,

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

24-28

## COALTER & SNELGROVE CO.,

THE SALT LAKE MUSIC DEALERS,

GENERAL AGENTS FOR  
THE FAMOUS

Weber Pianos,

Rich, Pure and Sympathetic Tone, with Quality and Power.

— ALSO —

ESTEY PIANO, WITH NEW REPEATING ACTION.

ESTEY ORGANS, 250,000 IN USE.

BAND INSTRUMENTS, SHEET MUSIC AND BOOKS. 74 MAIN STREET. Catalogue Free.

16-28

